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*The Southern
Alberta Pioneers'
and Old Timers'
Association*



*The Southern
Alberta Women's
Pioneer and Old
Timer Association*

FOURTH ANNUAL

ROUND UP AND MOOCHICAN

PALLISER HOTEL, CALGARY, ALBERTA
THURSDAY, JANUARY 22ND, 1925

TOAST LIST



HIS MAJESTY THE KING

GOD SAVE THE KING

SONG - (Selected) - Jessie Glanville Carson
(Native Daughter)

THE PROVINCE OF ALBERTA

HIS HONOR R. G. BRETT (1883)
Lieutenant Governor of Alberta

SONG - (Selected) - Georgie Stirrett Baker
(Native Daughter)

THE WOMEN PIONEERS

MRS. DAVID McDOUGALL (1871)

THE PRESS

DR. M. C. COSTELLO (1883)

SONG - (Selected) - - Joseph Towell

Mrs. Jas. Thurston - - - Violinist

Mrs. J. K. Costigan - - - Pianist

GREETINGS TO OUR PRESIDENT

Tune: "Comrades"

Comrades, comrades,
Ever since we came here
Who but our Colonel Walker
Ever was pal so dear.
When on parade how stately
He's our first President too
Give us our good Jimmy Walker
Here's hoping, old friend, to you!

(Repeat in Chorus.)

TUNE: "IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME

In the good old winter time, in the
good old winter time,
Rounding up old timers and coralling
them in rhyme,
There's Dr. Brett who built the San.,
our Governor is he,
May he be given another term to
welcome Royalty.

CHORUS:

In the good, etc.

REFRAIN:

There's Pat who'd rather run a mile
than hear his praises rung,
But he's too good a sport to let his
virtues be unsung.

In the good old winter time, etc.

There's Sanders double D.S.O.,
Of monocle renown,
His single eye strikes terror into
every tough in town.

In the good, etc.

The Dave and John McDougalls who
made Calgary their home,
Before the coming of the crowd that
now the streets do roam

In the good, etc.

There's G. C. King who held his post
And the Post held him for years,
Mountie and Mayor and citizen,
Whom every man reveres.

In the good, etc.

There's Banff's Bill Brewster
He's the boy makes yellow wheels go
round

The music of his ponies' hoofs on
rocky trails resound.

In the good, etc.

And Jimmie Linton who for long had
the one and only store
For books and charts and billy doos,
And stationery galore.

In the good old, etc.

Of native sons and daughters, sure,
Alberta can show,
The finest girls, the bravest boys, all
in a goodly row.

In the good, etc.

To corral all could not be done,
So many and great are we
Hip, Hip, Hooray, for the O. T. A.
And for Alberta three times three.

In the good old, etc.

TUNE: "THE BELLS OF ST.

MARY'S

Of old in our City, how little we
knew
What celebrities later would burst
into view.
Whose fame would ring loudly from
Elbow to Bow
If only we'd listened—but now we
all KNOW—

REFRAIN:

The Bells of St. Mary's we heard them
a-calling,
"Our Michael Costello will four times
be Mayor
The vags and the jags will adore and
implore him
For love of Mike to hold on tight and
stay right there."

(Fortissimo)

In all kinds of weather by night or
by day
If we wanted to drive the Blue Devils
away
'Twas the grandest old stunt when
the fire bell rung out
To whoop up the "hosses" with syren
and shout.

REFRAIN:

The fire bell, the fire bell we heard it
a-calling
Our "Cappy", dear "Cappy" will one
day be boss
The fire boys and fire bugs will like
or abhor him
With his red devil rushing out—
How's that, old hoss?

Repeat FF.

But hark! what far lovlier strains did
we hear
Re-echoing gaily afar and anear
The sound of band music most beaute-
ously played
By soldierly bandsmen in mufti
arrayed.

REFRAIN:

The trumpets and trombones we heard
them a-braying
Fred Bagley will be our Conductor
Chief
And now he's a Major we're ready to
wager
That none can beat Fred Bagley's
best.
That's our firm belief.

Repeat Double FFF.

TUNE: "THE LONG, LONG TRAIL"

Nights are getting very lively
Radio comes along,
Giving you the latest speeches,
Cheering you with song,
But that's nothing to the thrill of
News that came from far
In the mail bags of the first mail train
On the good old C.P.R.

CHORUS:

There's a long, long trail a-winding
through the land you all love
Through the prairies and the passes
with the stars above.
There's a long, long night of waiting
till your dreams all come true,
But the C.P.R. will bring you luck
As sure as you are you.

Streets are getting very risky,
Crossings are a rout
And the honk-honk of the motors,
Makes you all step out,
Aeroplanes and Zepps a-purring
Race or touring car—Gee! they've
nothing on the marvels
Of the good old C.P.R.

There's a long, long trail, etc.

Who can tell of the coming
Of the shining steel
William Pierce can give you figures
Facts right off the reel
J. S. Dennis for this city
Begged the Palliser
Bringing tourists by the dozen
On the good old C.P.R.

There's a long, long trail, etc.

TUNE: "THE OLD SWEET SONG"

Once in the dear old days that we
regret,
Whiskey was Dry and all the world
was Wet.
Wine from the wood that bubbled to
the brim
Brightened our wits and made us light
of limb.
Dancing at dusk when fell the coal
oil gleam,
Tripped we a measure—in an old
pipe dream.

CHORUS:

Just a drop at twilight when the
lights are low
Tip the bottle gently;
Not so much! No! No!
Though we know we oughtn't
Say to it—So long!
Popping corks at Twilight
Singing their old Sweet Song.

Now in the world that sadly we deery,
One half is wet—the other half is
dry.
Wood in the whisky—Log wood in
the wine,
Say! Which is best? To offer or
decline?
But be our spirits neat or spirits gay,
Join in the Chorus in the good old
way.

Just a drop, etc.

TUNE: "THE RED RIVER VALLEY"

It's a long time you know I've been
waiting,
For the fond words you never would
say,
But alas now my sad heart is break-
ing,
For they tell me you're going away.

CHORUS:

Then come sit down awhile 'ere you
leave me,
Do not hasten to bid me adieu,
But remember the Red River Valley,
And the half breed that loved you
so true.

From the valley they say you are
going,
We shall miss your blue eyes and
bright smile,
And alas you take with you the sun-
shine,
That has brightened my pathway
awhile.

CHORUS:

Then come sit down awhile
leave me, etc., etc.

AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And the days of auld lang syne?

CHORUS:

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.